Volume LXXVIII CHICAGO, February 1, 1917 Number 22

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Lincoln Memorial Services

—at the—

BIRTHPLACE, HODGENVILLE, KY., AND LINCOLN UNIVERSITY, CUMBERLAND GAP, KY.

(See editorial on "A Restored Shrine," page 406)

A special Pullman train, with dining car equipment, will leave Chicago Saturday evening, February 10, reaching Hodgenville, Ky., Sunday morning.

A Memorial Service will be held in the Birthplace, Memorial Building, beside the hut where Lincoln was born. Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones; addresses by Judge Evan A. Evans of the Federal Court and the Rev. E. Robb Zaring, editor "Northwestern Christian Advocate."

After the service the train will return to Louisville. An informal reception will be extended to the tourists before the evening service at the Unitarian Church, Louisville. At that service the Rev. John Haynes Holmes of New York will speak. At 11 p. m. the train will start for Cumberland Gap, the site of the Lincoln Memorial University, founded by General O. O. Howard, where visitors from the East, coming on a special train, will meet it. Eminent speakers from Washington and elsewhere will be heard.

The Chicago train will return via Cincinnati, arriving in Chicago Tuesday afternoon.

Fare for round trip, from Chicago, including meals, berths, autos, etc., $45.00.

It is hoped to fill a "Lincoln Centre Car." All lovers of "Unity," Lincoln and Lincoln Centre, are invited to join this party so far as accommodations permit. Apply by telegram or otherwise to "Unity," 700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago.

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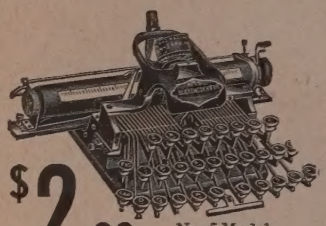

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXVIII THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1917 NUMBER 22

It is not too late for UNITY to congratulate the nation and to rejoice with humanity over the recent deliverance of President Wilson in the presence of the United States Congress. Others have been saying the same thing in many ways and under varied conditions ever since the days of Hugo Grotius, and Immanuel Kant, down to William Ellery Channing, Victor Hugo, and to many of this very day, but the significant thing is that the President of a great republic, in the presence of the most august legislative body in the world, said it with academic clearness and unquestioned earnestness. The great governing powers of the world can never sink back into the complacent stolidity that characterized them the day before the deliverance. The thing has been said and civilization has been compelled to take note of it. War lords may sniff at it, preachers and editors may vote it untimely, but God's recording angel has taken charge of it. It has been written into the book of history. Draw a line from this deliverance by President Wilson to the Emancipation Proclamation, and then continue the line from that to the Declaration of Independence, and there are no other state documents or official pronunciamentos to break these lines. Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, Woodrow Wilson,—the triumvirate of democracy, made such by their immortal deliverances. The following telegrams went from UNITY office:

January 23, 1917.

To Woodrow Wilson, President,
Washington, D. C.

You have spoken for humanity. "Peace without victory" and the "freedom of the seas" are slogan cries for the agonized nations. You have dared where press, pulpit, legislators and cabinets have halted. God's blessing be with you.

To Rev. Frederick Lynch,
Secretary of Church Peace Union of America,
New York City.

President's message great. Because spoken by a President to the Congress of the United States, it is an epoch marking document. Nations will never sink quite back into the complacency and narrowness of a week ago. They may try to evade but cannot escape the prophetic word. Science, business and religion will promptly underscore the message.

Do not miss the program for the meeting at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, printed on page 415. John Haynes Holmes and Samuel Crothers do not come this way often. Many readers of "Unity" will wish they could be here, to enjoy the fellowship. Many might change the wish into a realization. Come! You will be welcome at the Abraham Lincoln Centre.

David Starr Jordan, in *The Public* for January 26th, has an informing article entitled "Conscription in Practice." He was in London when the war broke out, and he saw things.

The potato is getting to be a burning question in home economics. Boston home-makers are thinking of boycotting the potato, eliminating it from their tables until the price comes down. The United States Department of Agriculture, in Bulletin No. 468, tells a lot of interesting things about potatoes, and their kindred, the sweet potato, kasava, and the like. Will you have them boiled with their coats on, baked or mashed? Consult the Bulletin.

However and whenever the war closes, one thing is sure: the submerged races, the nations who have no place on the political map of today, will have a hearing. Some of them may have their innings again. When the great war lords cease their firing and have their feet under one table, Poland, Bohemia, Finland, Hungary, Ireland, and above all the hunted and ostrasized Jew, who has so lavishly given of his blood even to the nations that have uniformly cursed him, will each in their turn rise up and say: "May it please your honorable Board, here we are. What are you going to do with us?"

Conscience as well as reason often fails to establish a proper perspective of things. The story is told of a highwayman who slew a man for his money, and being hungry, found some food in the dead man's wallet which he proceeded to eat; but there was meat in it and the day was Friday, so he threw the meat away. The conscience that permitted the slaughter of a brother man would not permit a violation of a ritualistic requirement. The other day we heard of a successful business manufacturing house "out West,"

with religious, well-meaning proprietors, which has just cleared up a three-million-dollar contract for great nine-inch shells for the British government and is negotiating for another three-million-dollar contract. The proprietors of this prosperous house took active interest in trying to suppress Sunday "movies" in the town, but at the same time it was discovered that the shops were working overtime into Sunday in order to complete the contract for these death-dealing shells. These manufacturers are doubtless good men, law-abiding and God-fearing. Poor human nature! It is hard for finite man in an infinite world to be consistent. Well did Browning say: "It is hard to be a Christian!"

Mr. Howard Marshall of Boston, who spoke last Saturday evening, Sunday afternoon and Sunday evening at the Chiago Forums on "Can We Save Our Civilization?" profoundly impressed his audiences. Many of his auditors were loathe to yield to his primal affirmation that there is a unity of interest that is destined to combine capital and labor, that there are forces at work that will bring the next synthesis in economics, the union of employer and employe. It is much simpler thinking to consider the two forces as marshalled in hostile camps and that the interests are to be fought out and the solution is to be won on the industrial and economic battlefields. Mr. Marshall's contention is that if our present civilization is to be saved from plutocracy and oligarchy it must be along the lines of combination and not competition, and the next great combination is that between employer and employes. Their common interest is already in the way of recognition. We are further along that way than the belligerents can realize. Mr. Marshall has a message to deliver much needed by the forces of labor as well as by the perhaps more reluctant forces of capital.

The Christian Work in its issue of January 27 prints in full an open letter to the President from William Bayard Hale, the International News Service correspondent at Berlin, written under date of October 16 from the battlefield at Somme. The letter was filed at the Hague with cable tolls prepaid, but the message was stopped by the British censors in England, and the copy could reach the President only by the hand of a special messenger from the Hague. The document quivers with the sympathies and agonies which a battlefield excites until by the providential law of nature human nerves become hardened, the sensibilities dulled, in the presence of the abnormal excitation. The entire communication is a document for the times, and it is a sad commentary upon the boasted "free press of America" that such a communication as this finds no publicity except in the pages of a religious journal. But even then only a very few of the would-be religious organs of Christendom have the "room" for such truthful testimony from men on the ground, and such sane conclusions as arrive from first-hand and short-range study of the situation. It is no surprise that English censors should conclude that such a letter as Mr. Hale's was contraband and should be suppressed; but what about the American press and the "religious" editors who refuse to give publicity to such material? For this reason, we crowd up UNITY contributors and contributions in order to make room for this "Open Letter to the President" entire. Find it in another column.

The Thirty-fourth Annual Report of the Executive Committee of the "Indian Rights Association" is before us. The work of this commission, like all the benignant activities of the Quaker fraternity, has been done quietly with so much self suppression that the left hand has not known what the right hand was doing, but nearly $12,000 was expended last year in promoting Indian progress in the way of establishing schools, helping the Indians to settle on farms and to build houses. But more valuable than these timely helps is the protecting of the Indians' rights, the warding off of the white vultures that follow wherever government funds go. From this report we learn that the Indian population of the United States, exclusive of Alaska, is 335,753. Out of 52,556 families concerning which the Office has information, 42,116 live in permanent houses, and of these houses 25,511 have wooden floors. Modern attire is known to be worn by 292,720, and 118,504 are citizens of the United States. Nearly $226,000,000 is here reported as the tribal property belonging to the Indians. The individual property nearly doubles that amount. Over 16,000 Indians are in the United States service and earn annually over one and a quarter millions. Nearly thirty-six thousand Indians are farming for themselves; over 43,000 are engaged in stock raising and the value of their stock is nearly $30,000,000. Thus we see there is still an interesting remnant left of the original owners of the soil who have suffered so much at the hands of the invaders. That they have not been wholly wiped out of existence and that the remnant has a hopeful outlook to the future, is largely owing to the wise and continued interest of the fraternity of Friends who have never carried any guns and have never shot at even an Indian.

Industrial War

The Survey for January 27th gives leading space to a graphic account of the recent bloody Sunday at Everett, Washington, from the pen of Anna Louise

Strong, Executive Secretary of the Seattle Council of Social Agencies. It is a sorry tale of a battle between the hastily organized police force or sheriff deputies on the one hand and a band of I. W. W.'s who, under what they deemed sufficient provocation, came, a boat load of them, armed with loaded guns. There was furious shooting at short range. Fortunately, as is always the case with such shooting, much of it was wild and most of the bullets missed their mark. But even then five workers and two deputies were killed and seventy-four men are under arrest for first-degree murder. We are willing to believe, for argument's sake, that the provocations on the part of the employers were grievous, that the workers did not shoot first, that it was all a matter of defense; but after all these admissions are made, it still remains that the brutalities of war, the horrible fatalities of gun and bullet arguments never can right past wrongs or pave the way for future economic justice or industrial peace.

War is a contemptible resort, as inefficient in the realm of industry as it is in the realm of politics. Strikes, like battle maneuvers, represent the wrong, wrong way of doing right things. If international peace is to come, as we contend, not by an increase of armament or more military training, compulsory or otherwise, but through the organization of high courts of justice, by an appeal to reason, and a submission to the dictation of such courts, industrial peace must come along the same lines. These methods will not always procure justice; indeed at times they may block the way to justice, but it is on the right road, and there is none other as righteous or as successful.

For this reason we hope that the present Congress will not adjourn until they have put into law the President's suggestion of a Federal regulation that, while it does not preclude the possibilities of strikes, renders them far less probable and compels certain preliminary steps looking toward the study of the situation and the pacific adjustment of the matter at issue. The present "Canada Law" or something better seems to be the practical demand of the hour and the logical evolution out of the trouble. An appeal to law rather than to force and the submission to the verdict of a competent court is now the absolute requirement between two individuals in dispute. The complexity of society has brought combinations of individuals into disputes, corporate entities, and the principle of compulsory arbitration, to give it its most objectionable title, is but the theory of courts as establishing justice between individuals carried a step farther.

We can well understand why organized labor on the one hand and organized capital on the other should hesitate to trust their cases to such arbitrament. Their distrust is based on the old militant philosophy that there may arrive exigencies where reason, limited as it is, with the limitations of human nature, may fail, and force must be called in. Thus the labor problem, the cause of the workers, lands ultimately in the peace problem of the world. If disarmament is the road to internationalism, none the less is it the road to industrial peace.

Another Crusade

Kansas, Bleeding Kansas! Brave Kansas! Prophetic Kansas! is again in the forefront of the advancing column. It is once more challenging the distrust of the easy-going respectabilities. It is willing to be the target of the wittlings and the dread of conservatism. *The Survey* heralds the fight with the headline: "Kansas Off on Another Crusade!" Sure enough! This time it is a crusade against cigarettes and a lining-up of the forces against tobacco. This will make the smoking preachers smile and our very fashionable social leaders wince, and talk about encroachment on personal liberty. But all this will be but an expression of the old complacent conservatism that shrank from the vulgarity of the temperance agitation and avoided the disagreeable companionship of abolitionists. We hear of women who think that it is a step forward, an indication of feminine independence, and an exercise of woman's equal privileges, when, in the language of the modern tippler, they insist on the right to puff a cigarette "when they feel like it," because they "know enough to take it or let it alone as they please, etc., etc."

Still the mountainous facts accumulate day by day —the wasting of human energy, the devastation of the soil, the exhaustion of child and woman laborers in the production, and the awful drain on nerve and brain, the stupefying effect on the bodies and minds in the using of tobacco products! These facts are presented more and more clearly in the unchallenged exhibits of the census reports, hospital experiences and medical testimony.

The verdict at last made clear by science and experience concerning alcohol is soon to be spelled into the clear concerning nicotine in all its forms. It is a poison, an enemy of physical well-being, an invader in the body, pointing towards but one culmination—disease, stupidity and death.

We are not unmindful of the splendid vitality of the human body. Its power to resist and overcome is great. Other sanitary forces in the life may overcome to a degree the fell invader and defeat the malign inroads of this enemy; but it is an enemy, a menace to physical, economic, social and spiritual interests, and Kansas is in its prophetic line when it

dares incur ridicule by taking the tobacco problem seriously.

In *The Survey* article referred to, we learn that the Chancellor of the State University has aligned himself with the anti-cigarette league; that the President of the State Agricultural College has urged "all male students of the institution to assert their will-power by cutting out all tobacco." In other states, if not in Kansas, it might be well to eliminate the word "male" in the appeal. Presidents of the three normal colleges of Kansas are "committed to the cause." The state association of school board members, representing 150 bodies, have declared their intention of having cigarette advertising clipped from the newspapers and magazines coming into the school libraries, the clippings to be sent back to the publishers as a protest.

Of course the W. C. T. U. is distributing literature and parent-teachers associations are fighting it locally. The State Sunday School Association has instructed its field workers to aid in the attack. The State Federation of Women's Clubs has organized a department to fight the cigarette. The State Teachers' Association, six thousand strong, has pledged itself to drive the cigarette out of Kansas, and Professor McKeever of the State University and the Department of Child Welfare, ventures the information that "practically none of the men teachers in the public schools use tobacco in any form," a statement which the present writer considers a daring one. The State Board of Health is in the fight. And lastly Governor Capper has refused to advertise the cigarette in any of his publications, and Attorney-General Brewster has asked all the county attorneys to enforce the anti-cigarette law.

Here is abundant material to provoke not only a smile but a loud guffaw on the part of smoking parsons, chewing legislators and lovers of corn-cob pipes. Laugh while you can, friends, but the handwriting is on the wall. "When the battle with John Barleycorn is won and this war is out of the way, I am going to take up the tobacco fight in dead earnest," said the present writer once to David Starr Jordan. He promptly replied, "Don't wait! Begin now. It is high time. Tobacco using is making fearful inroads into academic circles. What can you do when college faculties have their smokers?"

Well, we can fight it, follow the lead of Kansas. Tobacco is nasty, is expensive, is stupefying, and when it invades the sacred precincts of boyhood and womanhood, it is time to join the crusaders against this mischievous second intoxicant, fostered by civilization. It must be conquered and exorcised by that same civilization on its upward climb. We are not unmindful of the other "crusades" already in the field. It is not necessary to decide upon their rival merits. Reforms can never be driven tandem. They must move forward abreast.

The Lincoln Birthplace: A Restored Shrine

In March, 1904, the Editor of UNITY, in the line of his study and admiration, made a pilgrimage to the Lincoln shrines. He visited the grave of Nancy Hanks Lincoln, "the little mother, almost forgotten," located the site of the shack erected by Thomas Lincoln near Gentryville, Indiana, in which the "little mother" died when Abraham was only eight years old. He then sought the birthplace of him who shares with Washington the conspicuous honor of being lifted above all national and state boundaries, the two Americans that have long since been elected citizens of the world, representatives of humanity.

Hodgenville was still an out of the way station, reached by a branch line some sixty miles from Louisville, Kentucky. The birthplace is three miles beyond. The then wretched road led out over softly moulded hills, through neglected fields, a country of abandoned farms. He found the fences down, an old house, dilapidated and neglected, the site of the cabin indicated by a scraggy pole and a few loose stones. The adjoining spring that attracted Thomas Lincoln and near which he located his cabin, still flowed fresh water from under the overhanging rocks; but the approach to it was a wallow for pigs and cattle. He who would drink from it must approach it through mud ankle deep.

The story of this "Neglected Shrine" was told in UNITY in the issue of March 24, 1904. Robert Collier, editor and proprietor of *Collier's Weekly*, had his attention called to the editorial, and Richard Lloyd Jones, then on the editorial staff of *Collier's Weekly*, was authorized by Mr. Collier to look into the matter, to rescue the farm, and, if possible, restore the cabin.

Now the story grows intensely interesting and moves swiftly to the culmination. The purchase of the farm at sheriff's sale, the organization of the "Lincoln Farm Association," the discovery of the logs of the cabin in or near New York City and the triumphal return of the same, the raising of money to enshrine the restored cabin in a noble granite enclosure, the final acceptance of the farm, the reconstructed cottage, and the granite temple enclosing it, with an endowment fund for the care of the same, by the Government, after a memorable address by John Sharpe Williams and a notable acceptance by President Wilson on September 4, 1916, are now matters of history.

Hodgenville now boasts of a fine auto road to the farm, and what is probably the second most notable statue of Abraham Lincoln is located in its public square. This was placed there by the joint efforts of the state of Kentucky and the Lincoln Farm Association.

Hodgenville is now permanently on the map. The birthplace of Lincoln is fast becoming an American shrine to be visited by an increasing number of pilgrims from all parts of the world.

Only a part of the dream of the Editor of UNITY has yet been realized, but so much has already been accomplished in twelve short years that it is a basis for the hope that much more is to come. The ancient sycamores and original elms are gone, but others are growing rapidly to take their places, stately pines, great oaks, and gracious hickories will become growing monuments to Thomas and Nancy Hanks Lincoln, the brave pioneers to whom was given the supreme honor of giving to the world Abraham Lincoln, the twin of destiny with Charles Darwin, who was born on the same day of the same year—one a prophet of science, the other a prophet of humanity.

(See announcement on first page.)

THE DAY'S RESULTS.

Is anybody happier because you passed his way?
Does anyone remember that you spoke to him today?
This day is almost over and its toiling time is through;
Is there anyone to utter now a kindly word of you?

Did you give a cheerful greeting to the friend who came along?
Or a churlish sort of "howdy" and then vanish in the throng?
Were you selfish, pure and simple, as you rushed along your way,
Or is someone mighty grateful for a deed you did today?

Can you say tonight, in parting with the day that's slipping fast,
That you helped a single brother of the many that you passed?
Is a single heart rejoicing over what you did or said?
Does a man whose hopes were fading now with courage look ahead?

Did you waste the day or use it, was it well or poorly spent?
Did you leave a trail of kindness or a scar of discontent?
As you close your eyes in slumber do you think that God would say
You have earned one more tomorrow by the work you did today?

Detroit Free Press. —*Edgar A. Guest.*

I charge you in the name of God, take heed;
For never two such nations did contend
Without much loss of blood, whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him whose wrong gives edge unto the sword.

From Henry V.

THE PULPIT

A Message to Young People

By JENKIN LLOYD JONES

[During the spring vacation of my last year as a student at Meadville, I spent three weeks with the Unitarian Church of Keokuk, Iowa, with a possible view of settlement. At the close of my stay a call was extended to me and I was greatly drawn to that pulpit because of the group of stalwart pioneers that were back of the movement. They were men of the "early settler" type, great hearted, clear headed, strong men. They were full of the missionary spirit, alive to the spiritual needs of the community and profoundly impressed with the value of the Unitarian message to the young and growing West. But my courage failed me. I did not feel equal in my inexperience to venture on a "city church." So I accepted a lesser call to a smaller community. Ten years later I was again in Keokuk in attendance at one of the annual meetings of the Iowa Unitarian Conference. During this visit the message given below was received.

On December 28, 1879, I delivered the message in the shape of a sermon to children in the All Souls pulpit, at Janesville, Wisconsin, where I was then settled, and on the following May 1st, 1880, the message was printed in UNITY and afterward reprinted in a little leaflet, which passed through several editions. This leaflet has long been out of print. Once in a while there is a call for it at the UNITY Office from some of the elder readers. Several generations of young people have passed since its first deliverance. The "children" of my Janesville parish have grown up and now have children and perchance grandchildren of their own. But the thirty-eight years that have passed since the first deliverance have only made the message more timely. With the growth of so-called "opportunities" and the increasing perplexities incident to what we call "prosperity" have come increased distractions and the road between the young man's and young woman's home and the church has been made longer than ever. The Sunday call to worship falls, I fear, less and less distinctly upon the reluctant ears of an increasing number of children and young people. So with scarcely any change this little sermon of my earlier years is again reproduced in the columns of UNITY, and as when first printed, will be republished in leaflet form, hoping that the message of dear old Colonel Perry, who soon passed to his rest and reward after he entrusted his message to me, will speak to a new generation of young men and women. I wish it might reach the boys and girls of our Sunday Schools, the favored boys and girls of the higher grammar grades and high schools, to whom I dedicate this new edition of an old sermon first preached long before they were born.—J. LL. J.]

Children: I have a message to deliver to you, one I hope that you will long remember, so I put it into a bit of a sermon which I have written out lest I might forget some important part of it.

This will be a sermon with a text, but I put the text last instead of first. I am not sure but that it is the better place for the text generally, for two reasons:

First, when the text is put in front it oftentimes interferes with the sermon. The preacher takes so much time to explain his text that he has not time enough left to preach the sermon unless he makes it too long, and then both text and sermon are spoiled for that day.

Second, the text is generally the best part of the sermon. By putting it last instead of at the beginning you will be more likely to remember it, at least long enough to tell your parents about it when you get home.

My sermon, like all good sermons, will have three parts, namely: Who sent the message, What is the message, Why was it sent you.

I. WHO SENT THE MESSAGE.

It comes from one who in his youth was a friend of Lincoln, who when I first saw him looked more

as I thought Abraham Lincoln would have looked at his age, than any other man I ever saw. He was a very tall, slender man. His face when first seen you might think homely, but it was a face you would never forget, one that grew lovely as you became acquainted with it, until at last you felt that it was worth while to cross a state for the sake of looking at a face so honest, so kind, so noble, so strong. I first saw this man who sent you the message ten years ago. I went to his town to preach three or four of my baby sermons. It was while I was yet a student, before I had wife, child, home or church. I was awkward, bashful, and I dare say a very poor preacher. But this man, full of business, with great responsibilities upon his shoulders, this man in whose integrity communities trusted, to whom hundreds of people looked for work, and through this work were building for themselves homes, took me to his home, came and listened patiently and apparently cheerfully to my young sermons, and when home from church he would talk to me about them, and I could see how much more he knew about the deep things of life than I did; how much farther and wider he could see than I could.

In those Sunday afternoon talks he told me of his childhood, his rearing, and his youthful adventures as one of the unconscious state builders in the West. He told me how he came into the wild open prairies of Illinois while it was yet a territory, and how when very young and very poor he had "worked out" on the farms in summer and taught school in the winter, and how in those days he used to meet his young friend Abraham Lincoln at Springfield, how they worked together on the laws for the new state, how they planned for good asylums for the insane, good schools for the blind and the deaf, and how, once in a while, of a Sunday afternoon, these two young men, builders of Illinois, would have long quiet talks about religion. They confessed to one another how hard it was to believe what they had been taught and what the preachers were still telling them, of a cruel God who would send many of his children to a hot place to be tortured by a very wicked being forever and forever.

Then he told me how later, after the state of Illinois was partly made, getting on its feet so to speak, he concluded to go farther west, to cross the Mississippi and help make another state, avoiding some of the mistakes made in Illinois, so that the newer state of Iowa might have the benefit of his experience. He told me how he rode horseback for hundreds and hundreds of miles over the wild and fertile prairies of Iowa and finally bought his land, fixed his home and settled down to make more towns, build more bridges, establish more roads and construct railroad lines.

In another talk he told me how once, when in Washington in the interest of some of his large plans for Iowa, he happened on a Sunday to hear a man preach something that he could believe, something that made him feel very strong, as though life was very noble, very real and the world very beautiful. I think the preacher must have been William Henry Channing, the nephew of the great William Ellery Channing, whose picture Class No. IV put upon the wall downstairs the other day.

After hearing this sermon he went back not only to build a railroad but to work for a church where such principles could be taught, for, said he, "I saw clearly that those ideas must be the ideas that should enter into good laws, good schools and meet the needs of a growing people."

He told me he found a few people that were like minded with himself. They gathered together in a little city on the Mississippi. They found a preacher, but he was not a very good man, so they had to let him go in shame. They found another, but just as they were learning to love him he died. They found another noble man, but some thought he was not very interesting in the pulpit and they would not go to church. He told how they built first a little wooden church that took fire and burned down. Then they built a brick church, but the mechanic was either unskilled or dishonest and after a few years the walls cracked and they had to take it down. Then they built still another, and so it went on; there were still discouragements in the way. Not many cared to come to hear doctrines preached that most of the people in the town thought naughty and tried to put down. But still he stood by and worked for it, loved it and hoped great things for it.

When I first knew this man who sent you the message, he was president of a new railroad that ran a hundred and fifty miles out into the Iowa prairies. He was also president of the Board of Trustees of the little Unitarian Church, and he said that the latter gave him more bother than the former; but he said, "I would let the railroad go before I would let the little church sink."

This is the man who sent you the message.

II. WHAT IS THE MESSAGE.

About six weeks ago I was again a guest at this man's house. I ate at his table and sat by his fire; but the straight, strong man who ten years before was the active president of a growing railroad was now a weak, trembling invalid. His thin, white locks fell around a sunken face; the gentle eyes had retreated into the deep caverns below the beetling eyebrows. His mind was very clear but his voice was feeble. He had not been out of the house for many days, but now that the Unitarian Conference of the State of Iowa was in session in the church he had so cared for and still so loved, the weather beautiful, he begged the privilege of attending. He wanted to realize that the little church twig he planted thirty years before had grown into a tree whose branches reached from Council Bluffs to Davenport, from Algona to Keokuk. So his daughters wrapped him up and tenderly sustained his trembling steps to his old seat. There were tears in many eyes that morning as the congregation saw dear old Colonel Perry walk up the aisle and sit in his accustomed pew. During the morning session the fire glowed in the old man's breast, his eyes kindled as in the old days. He rose to speak upon the question in debate. There was the same clear, sober sense and practical wisdom which ever marks the intelligent pioneer, but his voice was gone. He sat down choked with his coughing. Later in the day a young man presumed to "speak for the pews" as he said, and with gentle sarcasm he disposed of the pulpit. He confessed he "did not go to church often." He "liked

the church well enough, enjoyed the sermon when he did go, believed in the principles that church stood for," but he "wondered if the church was not to be outgrown; life is so busy now, there was so much good reading, so much to do." He was tired on Sunday, there was "no time and no strength left in the life of the up-to-date modern young man and young woman for the old Sunday routine." One could "keep up with the times better by studying the drift of things in the newspapers and the latest results of social and scientific study in the magazines," etc.

That night as the old man and I sat before the open fire in the grate, he said:

"Brother Jones, I was too weak to take part in the discussion in the church today, but I want to say something, and I want to make you my mouthpiece. Take a message from me to the young men and women of the West, tell it to the boys and girls wherever you go as you have opportunity, give it to them as the dying message of one who speaks from the experience of many years of a very busy life. Tell it particularly to the boys and girls who are growing up in our Unitarian churches and Sunday Schools." This is the message, stated as nearly in his own words as I can remember:

"There is no one thing that will bring to them so large returns in comfort, peace, morality and power as the settled habit of regular attendance, once every Sunday, at the religious services of the church that stands nearest to their faith. Tell the boys and girls, the young men and women, for me that there is no more alarming sign of future debility and weakness among our men and women than their neglect of the systematic, co-operative means of social, moral and religious culture."

III. WHY DID HE SEND THE MESSAGE.

Let me count some of the reasons which prompted this message, partly as given by himself and partly as conjectured by myself from my knowledge of him.

FIRST, THE REASONS THAT WERE NOT IN HIS MIND

He would not have you go to church in order to be paid for it after you die.

He did not want you to go to church to please an angry God, because he believed that God never was angry.

He did not want you to go to meeting because the church was more the "House of God" than the home; not so much perhaps as the grove, the hill slope or the water-side.

He himself did not go to church for the sake of society for his home was large and when he chose he could gather the pick of the community under his own roof.

He did not go to hear good music much as he loved it, for his own daughters who were trained in the conservatories of Europe, could give him that at his own fireside.

He did not need to go to church for instruction for I am sure that much of the time he could teach his pastor.

None knew better than he the literary superiority of the magazine article over the weak ministration of the pulpit.

Neither did he go to church because he was an "old fogy" wedded to the habit of a past generation for in his thinking he was a radical of the radicals. His religious faith was planted firmly on the rock of natural law and the essential humanities of religion and religious teaching. In these matters of thought he was in advance of the so-called liberal pulpits of his day.

SECOND, HE SENT THIS MESSAGE

Because he believed that in your hurried life, as in his, you needed the rest and quiet that a Sunday hour brings into the feverish hurry of our times.

Because he believed that what is good and true can be brought home to mind and heart more effectively by this high routine, this regular habit.

Because he believed that your heart and your conscience are in danger of growing cold and hard as you grow old if you do not give them the benefit of the systematic helps that the musician gives to his fingers, and the thinker to his mind, namely; regular training, systematic discipline.

Because the older you grow the more precious will be the memories and the greater the need of the helpful Sunday to make your life pleasant, sweet and heroic.

Because this is a high and perhaps the easiest way to set aside a part of your life to the interest of others.

Because he feared, and his fear was based on observation, that he who stays at home to read a sermon, will soon forget his reading, neglect the poem and lose the joy of meditation and peace of worship.

Because in the church, on the whole, you meet the best people in your community and you will touch them on the best side of their nature.

The dear old man at Keokuk, soon after the delivery of this message to the young people of the West, glided calmly into the sunrise of a new day and the twilight of the closing day was made serene and beautiful to him, not by remembering the people he once danced with, although he believed in dancing, nor the fine people he had met in the elegant parties, although he moved with grace in the "best society." But he thought of the men and women who with him worked for the church of his ideals, many of whom had gone before. He loved to think of the children he had made happy at Christmas and Easter time, of the songs he taught them to sing, the boys and girls he taught in his Sunday School classes, some of whom had grown to positions of honor and responsibility while he was still left to rejoice over their triumphs.

But all these reasons unite in one. He found it good to go to church. It helped to make him a stronger man of business, a dearer neighbor, more at home in this great world home.

And, dear children, because I believe that his experience is the experience of all those who have achieved his habits and followed his experience, I take great pleasure in passing on to you the message of this Maker of Railroads, Builder of Cities, a State Maker, a friend and comrade of Abraham Lincoln. Will you try to remember the message and twenty years from today if you are alive to celebrate the Christmas Festival in the year 1899, will you ask yourselves if the old man at Keokuk did not send you by the mouth of his friend and your pastor, a valuable message.

Now we are ready for my text. You will find it in Hebrews x:24-25.

Let us consider one another to provoke unto love and good works; not forsaking our own assembling together, as the custom of some is but exhorting one another.

An Open Letter to President Wilson for Peace

The following "open letter" to President Wilson on peace was filed at The Hague, cable tolls prepaid, by William Bayard Hale, International News Service correspondent at Berlin. The message was stopped by the British censor in England. This copy reached New York by messenger from The Hague.

On the Somme Battlefield, Oct. 16.

Mr. President: In other days you have sometimes been pleased to use my eyes as your own. You have expressed confidence in the fidelity of my observation as a reporter.

Mr. President, I wish I might tell you a little of what I have seen within the circuit of these smoking hills, from which for days I have watched the big struggle which since time began has never been approached.

One knows that men die in battle, but to see them die, and in numbers like these, such deaths as these, and with such utter futility—if you were here, Mr. President, you would find that hard.

For men are dying here, Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen, dying in holes in the ground, dying under the trees, dying in stables, dying in railroad cars sidetracked in long trains, dying in motor trucks, laboriously seeking the way back to peace, dying by scores in cottages, school houses, dying by hundreds in churches transformed into crowded hospitals, dying lying in the dirt, their sightless eyes rolled up toward a heaven of brass, flies on their lips and in their gaping wounds.

It is quite true, Mr. President; it is no newspaper sensation, no romantic invention. In consequence of the new methods of warfare, the character of the wounds and the nature of the deaths are very often indeed too ghastly to describe and quite impossible to imagine undescribed.

On both sides men are being shot into pieces of palpitating meat; blown into separate parts of what was once a human body; being stifled by poisonous gases; incinerated by liquid fire.

By thousands on the dreadful landscape which spreads itself before my eyes as I write these lines, human beings are yielding up the flame of life, and leaving widows and orphans to wonder whether there is a God above.

One knows that men are wounded in battle, but actually to see these specters of men—Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen—crippled, blinded, scarred, deformed, lamed, maimed, mutilated, that is hard, Mr. President.

If you could hear what fills my ears as I write these words it might perhaps carry you back to still summer evenings on the porch of Sea Girt, when an easterly wind brought across the meadows the sound of breakers, except that this sullen roar of iron anger would deafen your ears to everything but its own horror; this thunder would stop the very pulsations of your heart with its sense of the billows of agony beating upon the shores of existence.

If you could see what I see as I write—this woeful desolation, this Ishmaelitish waste, these stretching miles of landscape stricken, smitten, forgotten of God and accursed by men! if you could hear the tales told by French and English prisoners, of the miseries which exactly repeat what we see on this side of the fatal line, I think, Mr. President, there would be no question of your "reacting" to the greatest tragedy in the history of men.

The voices of all the angels of mercy that must hover over these bloody miles would not fail to appeal to you. The inarticulate murmurs of the ghostly thousands who already lie slain, the importunate pleadings of the thousands who still await the doom of death unless this horror of the ages soon shall cease would reach you.

I remember—it is only in the presence of a grief so great that I put down for the public eye reference to an hour so familiar—I remember a morning—it was in Bermuda four years ago—when I saw you in deep perturbation of soul because you had been asked to tell a young man of the death of an aged relative. It was but one revelation of many of the humanity of your heart.

No one shall tell me—I will not listen to it—that it does not ache over a tragedy more gigantic, more piteous, than any enacted while the world has rolled around. No one shall tell me unrebuked that your consciousness does not react to the most gigantic fact in human history.

Is it possible that it is to-day within the power of one man to end this hideous thing? Is it possible that history has so contrived its mysterious processes that it lies in the hand of one man to-day to check this slaughter—possible that the currents of world events to-day set toward the almost inconceivable opportunity that has come to a man of the Western world, nurtured in years of cloistered reflection, that he may speak the compelling word, make the ecumenical gesture, before which the tired and tormented remnants of the heroes of these direful years shall drop their weapons?

I believe it is so. True, none of the belligerent governments will confess it; but you learned long ago, Mr. President, to distinguish between governments and peoples, as well as between the official outgivings of governments and their real intentions.

To us here on this bloody field have come echoes of the ribald utterances of Mr. Lloyd George, in which, in the language of the race track and the prize ring, he flings insult into the teeth of the President of the United States and the head of the Catholic Christendom, the Pope, if either of them dares to dream of the day when this war shall cease. It would be unjust to the people of England, whose history and literature, whose heart you know so well; it would be unfair to the sober-minded statesmen of his own land, and more especially to those of Russia, France and the central European allies, to believe that they recognize in the lewd language of this English politician any meaning to which the heart of suffering humanity in this hour responds.

I prefer to believe that that heart is watching with

eagerness and expectancy for the rising of a man who shall fulfil the character described in a noble poem which I have heard you read, not without moving emphasis, of him—

"Who, if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need."

Men must suffer bodily pain and mental anguish, though they have never suffered on a scale so colossal as this. But why should they agonize fruitlessly? Why lay down their lives without avail?

This war is at a standstill. I have traveled 500 miles along the western German lines of defense. They cannot be broken through in a hundred years. I have seen a few square miles of blood-soaked soil change masters at an awful price. I have been on the east front. Nothing can happen there appreciably to alter the decision, which might as well be rendered now as next year, or five or ten years hence.

Without doubt all the governments involved know this. All are weary, weary, weary of the strife. They await, Mr. President, the word that at this great moment should be spoken by the head of the chief of the neutral peoples.

In moving language you have yourself described the miracle which curtained away America against the fullness of time for its part in the richest moment of human history. That moment, Mr. President, is not this that moment? Has there in all the story of nations ever been vouchsafed such a role as that which our beloved land might play this day—that of a very Christ among the nations, stretching out the hand that casts out devils, heals the possessed, calms the seas and restores the reign of beautiful peace?

These sentences have been written in treetops overlooking the inferno of battle, by the side of roaring batteries, in bloodsodden, shell-kneaded fields, during a week of deafness and horror. It is the importunity of a more than tragic hour that impels me to transmit them to you.

Because of fear that the German government might think (might foolishly think) that even to allow them to go out of the land might be regarded as a signal of weakness, I have committed them to memory and taken them to The Hague, there to file them at the cable office. Returning to Germany, I shall file them by wireless, hoping one way or the other to get to you a message which lies upon the heart of an American who has looked upon this tragedy.

—*William Bayard Hale.*

From The Christian Work of January 27, 1917.

EMANCIPATION.

Why be afraid of death as though your life were breath!
Death but anoints your eyes with clay. O glad surprise!

Why should you be forlorn? Death only husks the corn.
Why should you fear to meet the thresher of the wheat?

Is sleep a thing to dread? Yet sleeping, you are dead
Till you awake and rise, here, or beyond the skies.

Why should it be a wrench to leave your wooden bench,
Why not with happy shout run home when school is out?

The dear ones left behind! O foolish one and blind.
A day—and you will meet,—a night—and you will greet!

This is the death of Death, to breathe away a breath
And know the end of strife, and taste the deathless life.

And joy without a fear, and smile without a tear.
And work, nor care, nor rest, and find the last the best.

—*Maltbie Davenport Babcock.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Flowering of Christianity into Universal Religion

A Biographical Study from Erasmus to Luther

Being the Seventh Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as Given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to His Classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre

V.

Philip Melanchthon 1497-1560
Huldreich Zwingli 1484-1531

They may kill the body, but they cannot kill the soul.—Zwingli's last words.

In studying the Reformation we are trying to find our spiritual ancestors, trying to discover into which soul our roots reach, and two men with vital connection in our line of descent are Melanchthon and Zwingli.

Melanchthon has been wisely and rightly called the "Pen of the Reformation." He was a scholar, a level-headed scribe, one of the best representatives of a group of philosophers, the name for whom has of late dropped out of our vocabulary, the Humanists. The Humanists were the men who believed the classic world had something the world could not do without; they tried to wed Christianity to Greek art, philosophy and classic literature. While still a boy Melanchthon was recognized as foreordained to a brilliant career. Erasmus early spoke of him with pride and appreciation, and it should be noted that Luther was aided by this man who took time to think things out and who was skilled in stating his thought. In the University at Wittenburg he was the companion of Luther and wrote and preserved most of the important documents of the Reformation. Today he and Luther are honored as fathers and founders of the Lutheran Church.

His greatest literary production was his oration at the funeral of Luther, which is published as an appendix in Richard's "Life of Philip Melanchthon" in the Heroes of the Reformation series. The scholar and orator has a theme worthy of his best effort. He brought to his task a son's love and a friend's loyalty to tone down the faults of Luther, to moderate his explosiveness and to excuse him. Of Luther he says:

> There is no one who knew him, who does not know that he was possessed of the greatest kindness, and of the greatest affability in the society of his friends, and that he was in no sense contentious or quarrelsome. He also exhibited, as such a man ought, the greatest dignity of demeanour. . .
>
> He was emphatically the advocate of peace. He never mingled the arts of politics with the affairs of the church for the purpose of augmenting his own authority, or that of his friends. . .
>
> What shall I say of his other virtues? Often have I found him weeping and praying for the whole church. He spent a part of almost every day reading the Psalms, with which he mingled his own supplications amid tears and groans. Often did he express his indignation at those who through indifference or pretence of other occupations, are indifferent in the matter of prayer. . .

Many persons in this assembly have heard him discourse on these words: "Ye shall see the heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man." He bade his hearers fix their minds on that large word of comfort which declares that heaven is open, that God is revealed to us; that the bolts of the divine wrath are turned away from those who flee to the Son; that God is now with us, and that those who call upon him, are received, guided, and kept by him. . .

Very few people today appreciate the place Switzerland has had in the intellectual and political development of the world. Though a rugged, rocky, mountainous territory, she held the fort of liberty and progressiveness through three hundred years.

There is a community in Wisconsin that has become famous as the source of more Swiss cheese than Switzerland itself; New Glarus is the headquarters of a Swiss colony. It is built in the midst of valleys and woods made melodious by the tinkling of little Swiss bells, every cow being entitled to one. In the church is a bell brought from Old Glarus in Switzerland, which was the scene of the earlier labors of Zwingli. In New Glarus is preserved an old Zwingli Bible and other relics brought there by the priest who established the church.

In this connection we are reminded of the remarkable side lights thrown upon the thought and cultural life of these people in that mystic classic, "Paracelsus," written by Browning when he was a mere lad full of independent and defiant blood.

Unlike Luther, Zwingli was born into a prosperous home with prominent ancestry. He was a brilliant boy, musical and merry, so bright that his father early gave him over to the care of an uncle, a priest. Zwingli studied in various schools, went through the university and, being enamored of Greek and the new learning of the time, shared the discontent felt throughout Europe and became a Humanist. He was not very gracious to Luther, did not see what all the fuss was about, believing every sensible fellow shared Luther's knowledge and gave him rather grudging co-operation. We have two available lives of Zwingli, one by Samuel Simpson, the earlier and probably the best, and that in The Heroes of the Reformation series by Samuel M. Jackson; also his Latin Works and Correspondence by Jackson.

Zwingli began his ministry at Glarus but later was moved to Zurich. While there he was one of the large number of priests who signed and sent a protest to Rome asking that the celibate rule be lifted from the priesthood, urging that the demand was against nature and fostered vice instead of chastity. He begged the Pope, if he would not permit priests to marry, that he would at least wink at marriage. He himself married an entirely worthy and appreciative woman and his biographer tells us that he had lived with her as his wife for two years before taking the open step.

Politics and militarism play a large part in Zwingli's story. The Catholic Church was aggressive and militant. The time came when the reform forces, the Protestants, were warned that the opposite forces were moving down upon them, the bells rang and Zwingli as chaplain rushed from the church, put on his uniform, mounted his horse and galloped away with sword and battle-ax. The battle was a massacre, a disorderly fight, and the story is told that when it was over some of the reformers going over the field in search of their dead, found this man with a hole in his helmet, showing that he had been felled with a blow. Meanwhile he had revived sufficiently to utter the words of our text. The Catholics came on, recognizing the group gathered around their dead leader, took possession of the body, and in order to save him from becoming a hero and his grave a shrine, quartered and burned him, giving his ashes to the wind. Later his friends searching the funeral ashes found his heart whole and uninjured.

As a boy, Zwingli was taught to observe nature and his observations are most interesting. "Do not the creatures of the race of rodents trumpet forth the wisdom and the providence of the Godhead?" He tells of the habits of the hedgehog, Alpine rats, the squirrels, etc. Of course Darwin could beat him all to pieces in showing how in the lower regions of life there is the embryonic reason, sagacity and co-operative tactics.

Zwingli comments on "The Present Course of Affairs in a Fable on the Ox."

I shall tell you of a garden fenced in and protected by a strong hedge, having high hills in one place, and in another are heard rivers flowing by. Here dwells a stout ox of beautiful red color, a hairy, fine forehead, a broad chest, and large horns. From his neck hangs down the fine flesh. This ox feeds on the green grass from the garden, and if he becomes thirsty he drinks the cold water, and thus in beastly fashion is well provided for. He is hated only by blind fortune, which enviously desires nothing sweet to be without bitterness.

In this garden are also cats as keepers of the ox, a faithful dog, fauns, lion, leopard and ram all engaged in cunning intrigue. The meaning of this poem is given at its close:

By herdsman I mean the Pope, by dog the clergy, while by lion I mean the Roman king; the French king is represented by the leopard, and the common people by the ox. Who were the cats?—Well, whoever is angry should await his opportunity.

This is Zwingli's way of meeting the arrogance and conceit of the Catholic Church. He was the knight errant of reformation, who in his short lifetime of forty-three years accomplished permanent results far more pertinent, probably, to what we mean by liberal religion, than the work of Calvin and Knox, the creed makers.

Melanchthon and Zwingli represent reform in the spirit of Erasmus, Sir Thomas More and Colet. These men caught the sprit of Michael Angelo and tried to pick up the dropped stitches of the classic world, tried to wed art and morality, music and hymns with the ritual. Hymns in the sense in which we use them as liturgical elements for the congregation are a Protestant invention. In the Catholic Church the priests did the chanting, in the Protestant the people had a chance. The virility of the Protestant movement lies not in its protest against dogma so much as its democratic reconstruction of worship into the terms of common life, and in which the sermon is an educational element. It is the Protestant minister that has tried to make of the pulpit a people's forum. With what mighty results our course will help us to appreciate.

QUESTIONS.

(1) How old was Luther when Melanchthon was born? Zwingli?
(2) How is Melanchthon spoken of? What is his greatest literary production?
(3) What was his personality?
(4) What was the nationality of Zwingli and what were his antecedents?
(5) State your idea of Zwingli's influence on the Switzerland of today.
(6) What is the virility of the Protestant movement?

Looking Toward Peace

A few clergymen and laymen have signed a paper deploring any movement looking toward the cessation of the war at this time. It was a tremendous responsibility to take. It is one thing to insist on fighting one's self if one wants to, and one's conscience urges him; it is another thing to urge others to do so, when the fighting is costing what this war is costing in Europe—millions of slaughtered men, millions of widows and orphans, millions of starving children, millions of crushing debt. And this, too, in the face of a very wide doubt expressed by experts in every nation that any great victory can ever come to either side, that any nation can be worn out, without all the others being worn out with it, that militarism can ever be exterminated by militarism, and in the face of the fact that there seems to be a sentiment for negotiation among the people of Great Britain growing as it is growing among the people of Germany. (A petition reading as follows: "The undersigned urge His Majesty's Government to seek the earliest opportunity of promoting negotiations, with the object to securing a just and lasting peace," has been signed by 150,000 English people. Many of England's leaders and statesmen are expressing themselves in the terms that Ponsonby, Buxton, Snowden, Ramsay Macdonald and Whitehouse have been using; a canvass recently made of an English town showed almost every man leaning toward negotiations; the Independent Labor Party are as one for negotiations; peace meetings are drawing great crowds; one hundred Liberals in Parliament are on the side of negotiations beginning now.) The signers of this paper may soon awake to find that they are the friends of the Tory element in England, the munition manufacturers and others making vast fortunes out of the war, and of the Northcliffe press, but the enemies of the great English people. For these reasons we shall be glad forever that we did not sign it, encouraging the suicide of Europe, the slaughter of more millions. We should also be afraid that history would classify us with that group of churchmen who insisted in America that slavery be perpetuated.

But the tide is irresistible and their plea for the continuance of the frightful slaughter has awakened little commendation in the American press. It has rather created a sort of universal shudder, as expressed in the following strong words in the *Independent* of January 15: "It can not fail to be considered as a movement to halt all peace discussion and to flout the efforts of the President of the United States and the Neutral Governments of Europe who, with all the special sources of information at their disposal, have at last declared the time is ripe to begin the substitution of reason for armed conflict. But more than that, one of the belligerents has actually offered to make peace and now these eminent ecclesiastics and laymen rush in, warning their brethren against those who cry 'Peace' when there is no 'peace,' without even knowing whether the Central Powers are ready to make 'complete restitution, full reparation and effectual guarantees.' It would seem as though the signers had put themselves in the position where the public will believe that they are advising their brethren in Europe to continue to slaughter one another on the supposition that 'the ravage of Belgium,' 'the desolation of Serbia and Poland,' 'the destruction of life through the sinking of the Lusitania,' 'the starving of the Syrians and Jews in the Holy Land,' 'the attempt to array Moslems against Christians,' and 'the intimidation of small nations and the violation of international agreements' could only be atoned by blood.

"The inference may be unfair as to what these gentlemen have in their hearts, but it is almost inevitable that it should be drawn. If the result of their appeal should be to prolong the war an unnecessary day they will have incurred a terrible responsibility."

Meantime great bodies, political and religious, have been steadily ranging themselves with the President, praising him that he has had the courage to act for the *peoples*, although governments might at first deride him. The feeling is growing that it was a brave, prophetic, democratic act, in keeping with the highest dictates of humanity and the spirit of religion. Six of the neutral nations have endorsed his brave deed. Switzerland collaborated with him, and was in communication with him before the note was sent. Since the note was sent Switzerland has spoken, saying that she is "ready to aid, with all her feeble strength," in putting an end to the sufferings of war, and willing to help to lay the foundations for a fruitful collaboration of the nations. She says that she "seizes with joy" the opportunity to support President Wilson's efforts. "She would esteem herself happy if she could, even in the most modest measure, work for the *raprochement* of the nations at war and the establishment of a lasting peace."

We are glad our name appears with these latter groups, rather than those who call for a fight to the finish. We cannot help feeling that we are on the side of the Sermon on the Mount, the teachings of Jesus, the friends of humanity and the people, the prophetic souls in all lands, and the makers of the new order in which world courts shall supplant guns and shells. The *past, to-day* in Europe is theirs, but *to-morrow* is ours. Perhaps it is a nearer to-morrow than men think. For as we write, the Allies have answered the request that they state their terms, and the feeling in Washington seems to be that the Allies have purposely left the door open for the President to speak again. —*Frederick T. Lynch.*

From Editorial in Christian Work, Jan. 27, 1917.

FAIRY SNOW.

We toss the thistle-down away
And wait to see it fly;
'Twill make a rather snowy day
For fairies in the sky.

Then after all the summer rain
When wintry winds shall blow,
They'll send it down to us again
In little flakes of snow!

St. Nicholas. —*Rachael Robinson.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE CHICAGO FORUMS.

Program for February.

THE NORTH SIDE, at the Lane Technical High School, Saturday evenings, 8 p. m. THE SOUTH SIDE, at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Boulevard, Sundays, 4 p. m. THE WEST SIDE, at the Church of the Redeemer, Robey Street and Warren Avenue, Sundays, at 8 p. m.

February 4th.

DR. S. S. MARQUIS

of Detroit.

Subject: "The Ford Profit-Sharing Plan."

Dr. Marquis is the head of the Educational Department of the Ford Motor Company, and as such is in direct charge of all of the endeavors of Henry Ford to render a full measure of justice to the thousands of employes of the company. Dr. Marquis will tell us the many details of the far-reaching plans for which the Ford Motor Company has established an enviable reputation among big business concerns throughout the country. Dr. Marquis, himself, is an able speaker and competent to make this meeting one of the best on our schedule. We trust that every Forumite will spread the information about his coming to us.

February 11th.

SCOTT NEARING

of Toledo, Ohio.

Subject: "Industrial Democracy."

We are sure that Professor Nearing needs no introduction to a Forum audience in Chicago. Many of us remember the wonderful meeting we had with him last year. He stands at the very front of the men in America who are making people think about the fundamental questions of our social and economic life. His address, "Industrial Democracy," will enable him to go to the very root of things from his point of view.

February 18th.

HERBERT S. BIGELOW

of Cincinnati.

Subject: "Strikes—A Plain Talk to Capital and Labor."

Mr. Bigelow comes in connection with his second appearance at the West Side Forum this season. He is the livest citizen of Ohio and was the father of Ohio's new constitution. His genuine service to the cause of democracy qualifies him to speak to both sides of the great industrial struggle on this important subject. We trust that there will be many representatives of both capital and labor at this meeting.

February 25th.

ALDERMAN JOHN C. KENNEDY.

Subject: "The City Council's Plan for Reorganization of the School Management of Chicago."

Alderman Kennedy is known throughout the city as one of our most efficient public servants. He has shared in the construction of the city council's plan for the radical reconstruction of our school management. This plan provides for a small elective Board of Education and a more powerful Superintendent of Schools. A bill is being submitted to the Legislature, setting forth all details. Every citizen should know it, and no better opportunity to learn about it will be found than at this meeting.

What Is the Forum?

A meeting of the people as citizens, a cross-section of the whole community, to discuss through lectures and questions the fundamental problems of our community life. Each speaker is of national reputation and possesses exceptional ability for his task. The question period is a feature of the meetings, creating strong interest and valuable incentives to thinking seriously and deeply. The Forum is free from every prejudice, and in itself as a whole, conducts no propaganda. It only seeks to provide an opportunity to get at the truth, which is surprisingly welcomed by most people.

Financial Support.

The Forum is supported by collections at the meetings and contributions of $1.00 or MORE from individuals, who are credited with membership in The Forum Folks. We are in great need of 200 more members, and will appreciate co-operation from every one in getting them. Cards will be supplied for this purpose. Information and literature can be obtained from the Director, Fred A. Moore, 43 North Robey Street.

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A GARLAND.

Let me a garland twine
For poets nine,
Whose verse
I love best to rehearse.

For each a laurel leaf
One stanza brief,
I make
For memory's sweet sake.

First, then, THEOCRITUS,
Whose song for us
Still yields
The fragrance of the fields.

Next, HORACE, singing yet
Of love, regret,
And flowers;
This Roman rose is ours.

OMAR-FITZGERALD next,
Within whose text
There lies
A charm to win the wise.

The SHAKSPERE, by whose light
All poets write:
The star
Whose satellites they are!

HERRICK then let me name,
Whose lyrics came
Like birds
To sing his happy words.

Then KEATS, whose jewel rhyme
Shines for all time,
To tell
Of him the gods loved well.

LONGFELLOW next I choose:
For him the muse
Held up
Song's over-brimming cup.

Next TENNYSON, whose song,
Still clear and strong,
Soars high,
Nearing each day the sky.

Then ALDRICH—like a thrush
In the dawn's flush,
Who sings
With dew upon his wings.

These are the nine, above
Whose leaves I love
To lean,
My happiness to glean.

Theirs are the books that hold
Joy's clearest gold
For me,
Wrought into melody;

Theirs are the words to start
Within my heart
The fire
Of song and song's desire!

—*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

"VERS LIBRE" AS IT IS LIBERATED.

How I wish,
Rita,
I were a microscopic organism,
Sitting
On your eyelash
And laughing
At my brothers
Drowning in your
Tears!

—*Record.*

All Are Cordially Invited to Attend

A Series of Meetings

—at—

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Under the Auspices of the Unitarian Churches of Chicago.

REV. JOHN HAYNES HOMES of New York, Preacher, Lecturer and Author, will speak as follows:

Wednesday evening, February 7th—
"The Religion of Tomorrow"

Thursday evening, February 8th—
"The International Mind"

Friday evening, February 9th—
"From Monarchy to Democracy in Industry"

REV. S. M. CROTHERS, D.D., of Cambridge, Mass., Preacher, Lecturer and Essayist, will speak:
Sunday evening, February 25th and
Monday evening, February 26th on
Subjects to be announced later.

These meetings will begin at 8 o'clock. Opportunity for questions will be given at the close of each address.

A SERIES OF MINISTERIAL CONFERENCES

Will be held in Emerson Hall, Lincoln Centre, on the afternoons of February 7th, 8th and 9th, at 2:30 o'clock.

Wednesday, February 7th—
"What Means the Apparent Decline in the Influence of the Church?"
"The Significance of New Cults and Modern Substitutes for the Church"

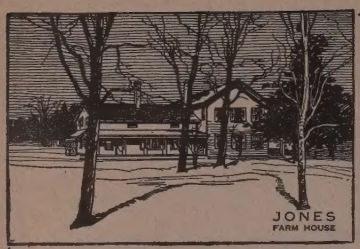
Thursday, February 8th—
"The Church and Social Control"
"Is a Rational Rivalism Possible?"
(Are special efforts advisable and necessary?)

Friday, February 9th—
"The Duty of the Churches in the Face of the Present Religious Situation?"

These conferences will be interdenominational, ministers of several different fellowships having signified their intention to be present. Laymen and laywomen interested in church work and modern problems are especially invited. Come and ask questions and propound your difficulty.

Visitors from a distance desiring hotel accommodations will find comfortable quarters either at the Drexel Arms Hotel, or at the Hotel Trenier; both of them within a block of Lincoln Centre. Rates, European plan, from $1.25 up. Reservations may be made by application to "Unity" office.

All are cordially invited.



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